

# Good Morning 782

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

★  
RON  
RICHARDS'  
CIVVY STREET  
GUIDE  
★

## There's a Bright Future for Sparks

IT would be like teaching my granny to sup milk if I tried to tell you about the job of an electrician, so as you mostly have a pretty good idea of what happens when a switch is shoved over, I will take a wider focus and give you the lowdown on the future of the electrical industry in general.

George H. Nelson, Chairman of the English Electric Co., Ltd., sets out the main branches as follows:

1. The electric supply industry, which deals with the generation and distribution of electrical energy for industrial and domestic purposes.
2. The manufacturing industries which design and produce all the vast range of machinery and appliances for an almost unlimited field of applications.
3. The contracting industry which does the installation work, such as the wiring of new houses and public buildings.

These are the main sections, and I think you will agree they do cover quite a lot of varied jobs.

This is no luxury trade—it is vital to every industry for heating, driving-power and lighting. It is commonly used for road and rail transport, for ship propulsion, radio, telegraphy, metallurgical processes, and so on, and so on, and the range is constantly expanding.

All these things have to be made, used, maintained, replaced.

Now, you may think you know everything about sparks. Maybe you do have a comprehensive ground knowledge. You can possibly make a submarine loop the loop (note that, Jimmy), but you must remember that when you enter an entirely new job, things will be very different.

You must be prepared to use your tools the way your new employer says, and that may not necessarily coincide with your service training. So do remember that when you start a new job, you are a new boy. Electricity may be the same the world over, but employers certainly are not.

The leaders of the industry realise that upon their shoulders rests the responsibility for providing facilities for training you for their service. Although you are fully grown men, you are to them just apprentices.

The electrical industries, my enquiries prove, will welcome you into its service, provided that you show the necessary aptitude for the work. There will be employment in very considerable numbers for you.

This is not thoughtless optimism, but sound facts from the mouths of industry chiefs who are confident that, given the freedom from hampering controls, they will be able to honour the tremendous orders which they have received from all corners of the world.

Nor do they see any reason to fear a slump following a few years of prosperity. Given a stable governmental policy, there is every reason to look forward to many happy to-morrows. If the Government doesn't come up to scratch—well, I am not allowed to discuss politics.

Most of the Dominions, and a number of foreign countries as well, have vast developments projected. The electrical industries here have every intention of cashing-in on this. They are confident that they will be able to compete with all others in the fight for world markets.

But, and the but is your queue—there is a serious shortage of trained technical workers. The manufacturers cannot get enough men to make their goods. The purchasers cannot get trained men to run them. Again, that is where you come in.

There is another point, of course. The western nations have a very considerable lead over all other countries in the manufacture of electrical parts. This cannot last for ever. Already there are indications that other countries are starting to make the simpler instruments. And they can make them cheaper, if not better, than we are.

That means that Britain must necessarily concentrate on intricate and advanced machinery and installations. Everything new must come from this country. If that is to be, then our manufacturers must have experts in advance of all others. Our electrical engineers must be always one step ahead of the rest of the world.



### All good things for A.B. Bill Butler

YOUR arm-chair is still in the same position by the window at 11 Wadham Gardens, Greenford, and your mother sincerely hopes it will not be long before you are occupying it once more, taking a nap after dinner A.B. Bill Butler. She may not have two hundred chickens at her disposal, but she will manage something pretty good, all the same.

Talking of food, there has been a record crop of apples, including some that remained to be picked, when we called, from the Cox's tree. Mum hopes you will be home in time to help eat them. She was also pickling some onions, so that you will be sure of them, at least, when you return.

Though your arm-chair will be in the same place, Bill, you will notice a change. The house was being painted when we called, and Mum was making some new curtains to go with the spick and span appearance. All the same, she hopes you have not forgotten about the silk!

Your sister put in a remark here about not

"bringing home a Chinese bride." Anything to say, Bill?

Your little niece Heather is now a rosy-cheeked, navy-blue-eyed little girl, beginning to take a decided interest in life. She knows her "Uncle Bill's" picture as well as that of her Daddy now.

Harry is very well, and your sister hears regularly from him. Mum is hoping he will be home by Christmas, and she only wishes you would, too, so that a real party could be arranged.

On the subject of parties, your mother told us that Freddie Russell called to see her, and told her that he and all the rest of your friends "wish to be remembered" to you. She added that you would know just what this meant.

When you have made your round of visits to friends, your sister will be looking forward to going swimming with you again. You might even teach young Heather, but until the time when all these things are possible, the day you come home, Dad and Mum and all the folk you know wish you all the best and a good trip homewards.



### L.S. LEN ROBB—LINE UP FOR RECORD CATCH

THE sooner you get back to of Guinness when she arrives at the 10 Chelmsford Street, W.6, Prince!

and are once again installed in the All the folk there, and Mrs. kitchen, doing that special brand Fuller in particular, ask about you, of housework you like, the more and hope it won't be long before your mother is going to like it, you are putting away a glass of the L.S. Len Robb.

She is looking forward to a record catch being brought home by you and Tom when you go to Windsor or Runnymede on your cycles again, and hopes that Tom's luck will not have changed, and that the results of your first visit to the White City will be as fruitful as they used to be.

Your mother still pays a visit now and then to the "Prince of Wales," accompanied by your sister and Aunt Phyllis. She always thinks of you and your brother as she walks along the road and drinks your health in a glass

Returning to Number 10, Mum still has all the gramophone records, and will be pleased to hear you playing them soon. She wonders if you have changed your favourite tune yet. Is it still "When They Begin the Beguine"? If it is, perhaps you will change your mind when next you visit the Palais.

Until you get back to the pleasant routines at Chelmsford Street, Nellie (who, by the way, has had a record crop of tomatoes in the garden) joins Aunt Phyllis and your mother in wishing you the very best of good luck and a speedy return.

### George Came in to Make Up the Number

THEY called George Camsell Camsell, although he went along to that of another great England "The Man Who Never to see them play, did not go out Missed a Chance." of his way to ask for a game

This in itself was a great tribute to the Middlesbrough centre-forward, for although he starred in an era—the 1930's—when star centre-half-backs were plentiful, never did he fail to do himself justice when the ball was given to him in front of goal.

Camsell, who still holds the Second Division goal-scoring record with 59 goals, set up in the 1926-27 season, was a born centre-forward.

Not only was he clever in taking chances, but was such a good player that he made many goals for his colleagues with his neat touches and all-round constructive play.

Yet George Camsell, record-breaker and English international, who scored nearly 300 goals for Middlesbrough in League football, became a centre-forward—in fact a footballer—by sheer chance.

As a schoolboy George, when a team was picked up from among his team-mates, would more often than not agree to play. But Camsell never imagined himself to be a great player; in fact, he would usually oblige just to make the number up, although he always gave a good show.

When Camsell left school he went to work in a local pit at Framwellgate. All his friends were crazy about football, but

to that of another great England centre-forward, Ted Harper, who led with such skill the forward lines of Blackburn, Sheffield Wednesday, Spurs, and Preston, setting up goal-scoring records with all these clubs.

Yet Ted Harper, who put the ball past so many famous goalkeepers, did not play football until he was sixteen years of age. A native of the Isle of Sheppey, Ted had other interests, such as it or not, was a goalkeeper!

Well, Gallacher stuck to his job of stopping goals, but so good was the rest of the team that Hughie rarely had a shot to save.

During the course of one match, when the rest of the Bellshill lads were scoring goals in plenty, Hughie, tired, and a little cold, protested to his captain.

"Why don't you let me have a go at scoring goals, if only to keep warm," he said.

The captain, as his side were well ahead, agreed to swap places with Hughie—and the little Scot immediately began to amaze everyone by his brilliant dribbling and first-class shooting.

"Hughie's a born leader," someone said, after Gallacher had scored about ten. "Let's keep him in the forward line."

For the rest of his career Gallacher led the attack, gained nineteen International caps for Scotland, and cost about £20,000 in transfer fees.

Surely a very lucky break for everyone!

JOHN ALLEN.

The Scot, as you may remember, was very small. As a boy, he attended Bellshill Academy, near Glasgow, with another little chap named Alex James.

Hughie always wanted to be a boxer.

As a footballer, however, he was so good that everyone wanted him to concentrate upon the Scottish National game—although in those days wee Hughie, believe it or not, was a goalkeeper!

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### The Mussels Went Wrong

EVER eaten the succulent mussels gathered in the harbour of Rye, that ancient Sussex port. It looks rather as though you will not do so again—at least, not for some time.

For centuries the people of Rye, visitors and inhabitants of the countryside round about have sworn that the Rye mussel was as good as could be got anywhere in the land.

Something went wrong with them.

Samples submitted for examination by a local trader who wanted to send Rye mussels to London were discovered to be poisonous, and an urgent warning was issued.

Further tests by the local authority bore out the findings of the first examination, and it looked as though the mussel industry of old Rye had been knocked on the head.

So far no indication has been given as to how the mussels have got polluted, but the source of infection may be traced and steps taken to clean up the trouble.

At the same time, once old-established beds of shell fish take the wrong turning, it is

found difficult, if not impossible, to get them clean again. It is hard luck for Rye, which lost its sea trade long ago because of the receding of the sea and the silting up of its channels, to have this further catastrophe inflicted upon it.

D. N. K. B.



Our address still is:  
"Good Morning,"  
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.







Wangling Words No. 720

1. Behead a sign of rank and get a tasty dish.
2. Insert the same letter five times and make sense of: rawaetaileiagramtoay.
3. What word of five letters, meaning to "cogitate," can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The jeweller gave him a friendly — as he offered him the diamond —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 719

1. W-HOLE.
2. He hates hurrying to his home.
3. FLINT.
4. Eager, agree.

JANE

Winter was his Name. His Address—the Ice House

(Continued from Page 2)

Flannel hoped. "We must intend that you get the ruby and drug him."

"No, no, no. That would be criminal. I would never consent to it. I have thought out a plan. I intend to go over to the steamer and board her. I shall ask for your friend and you shall see me take him for a walk into the bows."

"When I am holding him in conversation you can slip down to the berth and get the ruby. It is in a small case of red leather."

"I fancy he has hid it under his pillow or in one of the sections of his lifebelt. That is for you to find out. When you have it you can come on deck and drop quietly over into the boat and row ashore. Don't wait for me. I'll come by another boat and get you here. Then the dollars are yours."

(To be concluded).

has engaged a berth on the steamer for a port up north. I intend that you get the ruby and hand it to me. The moment you do so I shall give you this dollar note. That will be my thanks to you, and will reward you for your honesty—your belated honesty."

Flannel struggled with himself for some moments. But he was cornered, and he knew it.

If he refused to do as this young man asked him he would be landed in prison. If he got the ruby back he would be a thousand dollars in hand and would have revenged himself to some extent on the faithless Stubbins.

His other revenge would come later when he and Stubbins met alone; but he remembered that Stubbins was no easy prey, for Bert was six feet high and had a fist like a sledge-hammer, and could hit as hard as a mule could kick.

Red Flannel understood. The Icehouse was the place where the governing of the island was decided upon and carried out before the islanders got the news.

It was the rendezvous of the whites who did the governing and guarded the destinies of the natives.

"What d'you want me to do?" he asked suddenly.

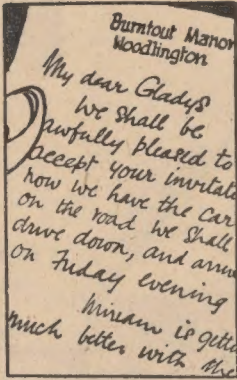
"Nothing much. It is very simple. Your friend, Bert Stubbins, didn't I tell you I was staying at the Icehouse?"



"But, doctor, I thought it was my pulse you wanted to feel!"



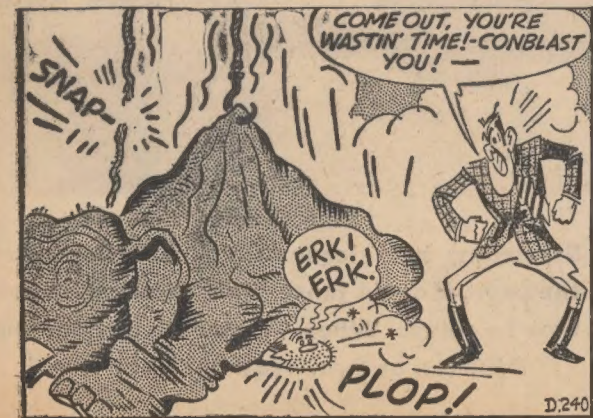
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



People Are Queer

MR. DOUGLAS DANIELS has just completed his quarter-century as Town Clerk of Deal. He hasn't left the town for a single day in that time.

SOME years before the war, Martin Vancleaf, of Penticton, British Columbia, bought some shares in a Canadian mine.

For his money he got the nicely printed share certificates—and that was about all.

He stuck them in a drawer, thinking they would come in handy some day, maybe, as a novel type of wall-paper.

When he joined up, he got sent to the Mediterranean, and for much of his service period hewed rock at Gibraltar. That second experience of mines convinced him that his best chance of happiness in life lay in avoiding anything to do with them in the future.

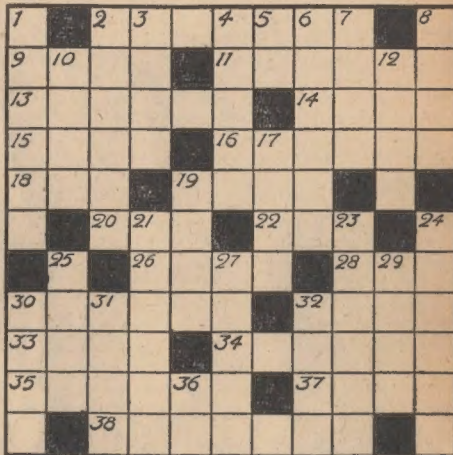
He changed his mind, however, when he returned to the dear old home town and found that the mine had become prosperous during his absence and that his share was worth 60,000 dollars.

And all the pals who laughed at him for buying worthless bits of paper are standing him drinks.

D. N. K. B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

SLACKS FARM  
TIRO UTOPIA  
EDITOR REST  
LOG HEAT E  
L HIM CURRY  
ARTS MENU E  
E ICE EMMA  
MARSHAL BUR  
USE ATOLLS  
LOADS PIETY  
END MEED Y



CLUES ACROSS.—2 Birds. 9 Scrutinize. 11 Pouring in. 13 Lasso. 14 Number. 15 Bad. 16 Covered. 18 Number. 19 Stylish. 20 Corn spike. 22 Allow. 26 Tuns. 28 Light blow. 30 Show-place. 32 Infant. 33 Exposed. 34 Dog. 35 Take over. 37 Require. 38 Dog.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Eyots. 2 Of the sea. 3 Indigo. 4 Throw. 5 At home. 6 Rub out. 7 Long out. 8 Much impressed. 10 Look out. 12 Past. 13 Paint. 19 Stuff. 21 Thoroughfare. 23 Business person. 24 Past. 25 Seeds. 27 Thin candle. 29 Competent. 30 Fuel. 31 Snug retreat. 32 Clavicle. 36 Man.



# Good Morning



## HIS RESTING-PLACE.

A granite cross, polished by the man who will one day be buried beneath it. Old "Uncle Tom" Dymond had some money left him by his aunt, and, obeying the Devonshire custom, he prepared his own resting-place. One odd spot—Uncle Tom mustn't have it inscribed until he is ready to use it!



## GLAMOROUS ANNE.

Things were looking up when this tit-bit of history was caught for posterity. There isn't a shapelier show-off girl than luscious Anne Shirley, and "tops" is her mark for a long time to come.



## SECLUDED COVE.

We're not asking for one! We're telling you that in this secluded cove, every day at a time we keep very dark, provocative Ilona Massey gets wet through, and comes up smiling for US. It's not what goes on in the cove that gets us up at dawn—it's what comes off, and how!



## BACK TO NATURE.

Frank Martin, "G.M.'s" wide-minded caption-writer, is on holiday. Away from our restraining influence, he's gone back to what he was before we chained him up—and, come to think of it, there's a definitely Darwinian odour about this desk.



## PLAYGIRL.

Stretching her elegant limbs half-way across the page, languid Janet Blair shows she knows how to relax. When we stretch out we undo a button or two. Now that's an idea!